

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THRILLING SCENES AT COLUMBUS, N. M.

Town Sleeps With Its Boots on and Carries Its Guns on the Hair Trigger—Aged Indian Chiefs, Bronzed Cowboys, Broncho Busters, Chauffeurs, Aviators, and Mule Drivers Give Picturesque Touch to Scene Worthy of a Remington.

By MERTON E. BURKE.

Columbus, N. M.—Columbus sleeps with its boots on and carries its guns on the hair trigger. Columbus is in a state of war. One approaches the scene of Villa's murderous raid, which occasioned the invasion of Mexico by United States troops, with a feeling that thrilling scenes are to be witnessed.

The visitor is not disappointed. It would require the pen of a Lew Wallace or a Kipling, and the brush of a Remington adequately to portray the picture presented.

Aged but stalwart Indian chiefs who fought against Geronimo, stolidly view the scene. Tall, bronzed cowboys stalk about, aviators mingle with broncho busters, chauffeurs wrangle with mule drivers and pioneer settlers sell ham and eggs to the influx of eastern traders.

Instantly the train pulls out of El Paso the hills of Mexico are revealed seemingly but a stone's throw distant, so clear is the air—a great range of treeless crumpling mountains that slope ruggedly to the very edge of the Rio Grande river.

The mighty Rio Grande, you discover, is but an apology for a river. Its bed is wide and deep, but alas, the water is not there. You could dangle a piece of blotting paper on a string, sop it all up and take the river along with you.

A pyramid of stones on the river bank marks the dividing line of Texas, New Mexico and Chihuahua. The train swings across a high trestle over the "stream" and plunges into the mountains. United States troopers, with guns slung on shoulders or dragging along by their sides, alertly pace the trestle and track.

A short tunnel is encountered, and troopers are noted at the entrance, with a cache of supplies just inside. The cars speed along. For a white white pyramids a few miles apart mark the federal boundary. Finally you note their absence.

"Oh, the land is so useless no one gives a burrah where the line is," a fellow-passenger remarks.

A table land—mesa they call it out here—extends in unbroken barrenness as far as the eye can reach, with ruined mountains stuck here and there around the edge.

The rocks are lava, the soil powdered lava, the bushes sage and cactus.

Busy Scenes at Columbus. Columbus is reached. The railroad track is the main street. At the north lies the village of scattered farms, brick or adobe houses, stores and huts.

At the south extends a square mile or more of the main base of supplies for General Pershing's punitive expedition against Villa.

A thousand or more soldiers line the track. Picture postal card men storm the tourists.

Half a thousand army mules Bray. A glance at the town indicates that there is but one building big enough to be a hotel, and that looks to have about six or eight rooms.

If you are wise you jump from the observation platform, circle the water tank and rush for the "hotel."

"Quiet enough in Columbus," I ventured to the clerk.

"Wasn't very quiet in this very room two nights ago," he said.

"Fellow from El Paso said he knew Villa."

"Cattleman from outside here a piece who'd been loading up on booze brought in by some bootlegger pulled a gun and turned on him."

"Stand up," he said.

"El Paso chap knew his game, looked him in the eye and said: 'Pardner what you doing with that gun?'"

"I'm going to shoot everybody that ever knew Villa," he replied.

"Pardner," said the El Paso feller, "let me tell you something. Round here when we pull a gun we shoot first and talk about it afterwards."

"Just then a couple of soldiers who had slipped in grabbed him, gun and all, and the show was over."

Civilian Feels Out of Place. An eastern civilian in Columbus feels as out of place as would a lady in a bathing suit on Broadway.

He is a foreigner in a strange land. Soldiers scrutinize him. Tall lean westerners gaze down upon him from their varying heights.

He feels he is a tenderfoot. Alert young men in varying styles of national guard uniform pursue and inquire the business of all the arrivals. They are the war correspondents at the supply base.

A hasty trip around the village shows half a dozen frame buildings of various sizes, twenty or more "dobe huts"—Mexican bungalows someone called them—several corrugated iron shacks, a smattering of tents hastily put up to provide eating places for the influx of population and the moving picture house.

Everybody in town is engaged in providing food and shelter for those attracted here by the boys across the track.

All the remnants sent in to the front left their bands behind them, with the result that a daily concert is

provided from 6 to 8. Troopers, machinists, auto drivers, mule handlers, horseshoers, airplane mechanics, cowboys, scouts and Indian chiefs gather around in a motley group.

The night I arrived in Columbus a friendly Mexican rushed into camp and said a band of Mexican miners formerly with Villa was going to raid the town again.

A courier had come in by mule train from Casas Grandes, Pershing's nearest base, with news that general somebody or other was leading 8,000 troops out of Sonora and threatening the precious line of communication.

The town seethed with excitement. At dusk a whole troop of cavalry went out to some vital pass through the hills. All outposts were doubled. Sentries were placed every 20 feet apart at important points. A squad of 20 was concealed behind an old adobe wall next the Hoover house.

Citizens were warned off the streets after 11 o'clock and asked not to come out in case of a raid, lest they be mistaken for bandits.

A whole regiment was sent to bed with its boots on.

The newspaper men prepared to sleep in their box car and lamented that the car did not have the thick adobe walls which bullets will not penetrate.

Major Sample commanding issued passes to the newspaper men. This is the first time I ever had a written permission to stay out all night.

A Night Alarm. Along about ten o'clock two rifle shots were heard.

The town, asleep with one eye and both ears open, jumped out of bed, bugles sounded and guards clattered by.

For 20 minutes there was suspense. The guards returned.

A very much frightened negro sentry came with them.

He certainly had seen a whole "passel" of bandits creeping, creeping, creeping up all around him and he just up and shot at a couple of them.

By sunup the camp burst into action. Thirty auto trucks lined up and were loaded with candy, gold, Mexican silver, tents, alfalfa, biscuits, gasoline, tin cans and other things to be consumed by the army in Mexico.

Two machine gun crews, with guns, a squad of marksmen, several commissioned officers, and in this particular case Sam Dreben, former Villa machine gun operator, ammunition agent and secretary and now a United States scout, climbed aboard.

Broncho busters from the plains, leathery skinned, blue-eyed and mellow voiced, tackled a new invoice of horses, to get them used to army equipment.

Squads marched away to various points for camp cleaning.

Signal corps motorcycleists shot past. Orderlies in auto or on horse rushed here and there.

PRINCE A COAL PASSER



Disregarding his title, Prince George of Denmark, a lieutenant in the royal navy, discarded his uniform and donning a coal passer's garb, took an active part in the coaling of a "certain famous" battle cruiser "somewhere in the North sea." The photograph shows the prince, who is a son of Prince Louis of Battenberg, with his face smudged by the dust of the coal he was passing. The prince is a son of the former first lord of the British admiralty, who shortly before the outbreak of the war resigned his post because of his German ancestry.

Carpenters began erecting machine shops. Blacksmiths shod ponies which had never worn a shoe before. Gangs dug trenches to put the water pipes under ground. Freight trains arrived and disgorged amazing stacks of queer-looking boxes. Members of the bands began to practice.

An alkali-covered mule train drove in from the south, six days out of Casas Grandes.

Twenty Indian chiefs, seventy to one hundred years old, roamed about and scrutinized the modern war material.

A delegation of them waited upon Major Sample.

Demand Wrist Watches. They had just been brought out of the White Mountain reservation in the Roosevelt Dam district of Arizona, and they were scheduled to leave that day for the front.

The venerable chiefs had scouted for Uncle Sam in the various chases for Geronimo in the district where Villa fled.

Despite their great age they were alert and tireless.

The night before leaving the reservation they had danced the war dance all night.

They were to scale the heights of Villa's mountain fastnesses. They were to read and interpret the signs in the desert sand where Villistas had passed.

But today they had a complaint. After various palaverings they came to the point.

"No go," said the spokesman. Major Sample approached the matter from the rear and prefaced his "why" with many diplomacies.

"No time on wrist," said the chief-tain.

The Indians had seen the officers' wrist watches and wouldn't play without them.

They were fitted out in uniforms, saddles, campaign hats and the good old-fashioned Colt revolvers.

They brought the Colts back. They had seen the troopers with automatics, and wanted some like them.

Sun goggles were obtained by the same tactics.

As the chiefs solemnly started off to the mysterious south a spluttering was heard. Glasses were turned toward the distant mountains and a tiny but rapidly growing speck was found 5,000 feet above the ground scaling the mountains.

In a few seconds an aeroplane swept over camp and landed in the aviation section.

Two lieutenant aviators, the same who were mobbed in Chihuahua City, had come from Pershing 350 miles away in four hours.

In four hours they had traversed the desert, had traveled as far as the Indians could go in weeks, as far as the auto truck trains go in three days.

Bring News From Front. They brought dispatches, mail and stories from the newspaper men at the front.

They brought reports of Villa's rumored but doubted death, of battles, of the deaths of two Americans at the hands of Villistas in some outlying village.

They brought stories and anecdotes galore, to the delight of the newspaper men, the joy of the telegraph company and the terror and despair of the genial but painstaking censor.

Hardly had the sensation of their arrival worn away when a dust cloud on the desert warned the vigilant signal corps of the approach of new business.

Another mule train pulled in, four mules to a canvas-covered high-wheeled wagon, galloping troopers ahead and behind.

The train bore the first of the Villistas captured—six men wounded and abandoned by Villa.

As the auto truck men and mule drivers came in, dust covered, eyes bloodshot and with unquenchable thirst they delivered gems of wisdom and observation.

"That country is all upside down," said one. "You have to dig for wood and climb for water," the water being in the hills and the roots of the sage brush being about the only available wood.

WIFE GIVES BLOOD TO MATE. Submits to Transfusion That Husband May Have Better Chance to Survive Operation.

Iron, O.—To give her husband a better chance to survive a difficult and dangerous operation, Mrs. Arthur W. Stoner, wife of a foreman at the Miller Rubber company, went on the operation table with him and submitted to a transfusion of blood at People's hospital. The operation was successful and Stoner is resting easily.

The man had been in the hospital for several months and had grown so weak that surgeons hesitated about another operation.

Mrs. Stoner, however, volunteered to help, and while the surgeons were operating, her blood was being pumped into his veins, giving him strength to pull through.

"Runaway Germ" is Discovered. Worcester, Mass.—The "runaway germ" which impels girls to leave homes, is due to high blood pressure, declares Dr. Max Baft after deep scientific investigation.

Deadly War Devices. Mount Vernon, N. Y.—Two new war devices, not described, one for land and one for sea, will do a thousand times more damage than a 17-inch gun, says C. H. Clark, the inventor.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Will the love that you're so rich in Build a fire in the kitchen And the little god of love turn the spit?

Enthusiasm is essential to the successful attainment of any high endeavor.

DAINTY MEALS FOR SMALL FAMILIES.

As we all learn from sad experience, costs are not satisfactory bought in small quantities and no family enjoys beef, mutton or chicken three or four days in succession; neither does the frugal housewife wish to waste good food.

To make a successful caterer for a small family attention must be paid to the marketing and arrangement of quantities.

If one arranges to have guests for luncheon, after having a chicken dinner, the chicken may be used in patties, or salad or as chicken croquettes. Thus one may entertain without feeling any special drain on the living expenses. A varied diet may always be given, as broths may be made from the bones of the aforesaid chicken for the next day's luncheon, following with a dish of macaroni and cheese or spaghetti and tomato sauce, thus having a soup and an entree at slight expense.

A can of corn may be opened and part of it used as a vegetable with milk or cream, then a few days later prepare it with egg, a cupful of white sauce and seasonings of mustard, salt, Worcestershire sauce and pepper into an escalloped dish, to serve either as a main dish at luncheon or as a vegetable at dinner. Such dishes as veal birds or olives are attractive and made from small bits of meat. Flatten them by beating, roll up with a piece of bacon or salt pork and bread crumbs brown in a hot frying pan, then add cream and simmer until tender.

Cucumbers too old for slicing may be cooked after crisping in cold water and served as one does asparagus.

Why in the world do you want to carry things that annoy and harass and hurry? Stop them and drop them, a new day is here. Squeeze a laugh from it instead of a tear.

—Kaufman.

VEGETABLE COOKERY.

It may perhaps have been noticed—the lack of space given in our cook books to the subject of vegetable cookery. This lack shows the value we place upon them and the reason for the slipshod methods of cooking. We do not learn, by instinct, to cook vegetables, and until they take their proper place in food values they will no doubt continue to be wasted in cooking.

The failure of getting good results from vegetable food may be with the selection, for vegetables out of season are neither economical nor satisfactory; the flavor is usually in inverse ratio to the cost. The best of cooking and seasoning cannot supply the lack of flavor.

Vegetables may be crisp and fresh when brought from the market, but by careless handling are wilted and spoiled.

In the cooking of vegetables there are a few things to remember, first to retain all the mineral matter and nutrient possible, to soften the cellulose and to develop the flavor, making them more palatable.

Spinach cooked properly should be well washed and cooked without the addition of water or very little. This vegetable being rich in iron which is soluble in water, may be being cooked in a large amount of water be nearly valueless as a food. This is true of saffron, green peas and beans, or, in fact, any of the delicately flavored, succulent vegetables. The seasoning is another important item; the flavor should never be disguised by seasoning. Usually butter, pepper and salt, not too much, is the best because it is the plainest.

To accomplish these results one may use several methods; cook the vegetable whole or in large pieces, to cook with the skin on when possible, to cook in as small an amount of water as possible without burning, to serve the water in a sauce with the vegetable whenever possible, and to season after the vegetable has started cooking so that the salt does not draw out the flavor.

Narrow Escape. "You have deceived me," said the young man, "and from this time henceforth you shall not occupy my mind."

"Oh, thank you, kind sir," she rejoined. "I am so glad."

"Why are you glad?" he queried. "Because," she explained, "I never could be satisfied to occupy a flat."

Real Thing in Success. Some men succeed because they inherit wealth with which to overcome adverse circumstances; but the man who makes good with only his brain and his hands as his capital is the real thing.

The Difference. "Light shower" is defined by the Kansas City Star as a thunderstorm just before the ball game. A "cloud-burst" is a thunderstorm just before church time.

Must Have Real Experience. "One cannot know war without having been under fire."—Exchange.

Common American Birds

Interesting information about them supplied by the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture

Russet-Backed Thrush

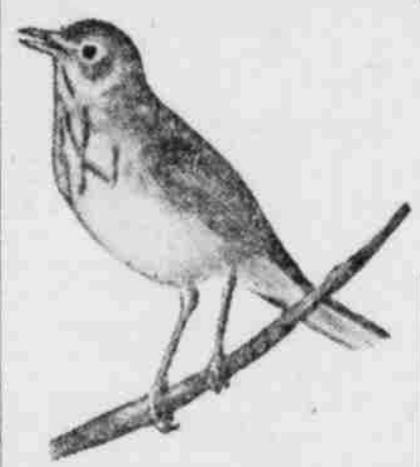
(*Myiocichla ustulata*)

Length, seven and one-fourth inches. Among thrushes having the top of head and tail nearly the same color as the back, this one is distinguished by its tawny eye-rings and cheeks. The Pacific coast subspecies is russet brown above, while the other subspecies is the olive-backed thrush. The remarks below apply to the species as a whole.

Range: Breeds in the forested parts of Alaska and Canada and south to California, Colorado, Michigan, New York, West Virginia (mountains), and Maine; winters from Mexico to South America.

Habits and economic status: This is one of a small group of thrushes the members of which are by many ranked first among American song birds. The several members resemble one another in size, plumage, and habits. While this thrush is very fond of fruit, its partiality for the neighborhood streams keeps it from frequenting orchards far from water. It is most troublesome during the cherry season, when the young are in the nest. From this it might be inferred that the young are fed on fruit, but

Habits and economic status: The loggerhead shrike, or southern butcher bird, is common throughout its range and is sometimes called "French mockingbird" from a superficial resemblance and not from its notes, which are harsh and unmusical. The shrike is a naturally an insectivorous bird which has extended its bill of fare to include small mammals, birds, and reptiles. Its hooked beak is well adapted to tearing its prey, while to make amends for the lack of talons it has hit upon the plan of forcing its victim, if too large to swallow, into the fork of a bush or tree, where it can tear it asunder. Insects, especially grass-



hoppers, constitute the larger part of its food, though beetles, moths, caterpillars, ants, wasps, and a few spiders are also taken. While the butcher bird occasionally catches small birds, its principal vertebrate food is small mammals, as field mice, shrews, and moles, and when possible it obtains lizards. It habitually impales its surplus prey on a thorn, sharp twig, or barb of a wire fence.

California Jay

(*Apelocoma californica*)

Length 12 inches. Distinguished from other jays within its range by its decidedly whitish underparts and brown patch on the back.

Range: Resident in California, north to southern Washington, and south to southern Lower California.

Habits and economic status: This jay has the same general traits of character as the eastern blue jay. He is the same noisy, rollicking fellow and occupies a corresponding position in bird society. Robbing the nests of smaller birds is a favorite pastime, and he is a persistent spy upon domestic fowls and well knows the meaning of the cackle of a hen. Not only does he steal eggs but he kills young chicks. The insect food of this jay constitutes about one-tenth of its annual sustenance. The inclusion of grasshoppers and caterpillars makes this part of

Catbird

(*Dumetella carolinensis*)

Length, about nine inches. The slaty gray plumage and black cap and tail are distinctive.

Range: Breeds throughout the United States west to New Mexico, Utah, Oregon, and Washington, and in southern Canada; winters from the Gulf states to Panama.

Habits and economic status: In many localities the catbird is one of the commonest birds. Tangled growths are its favorite nesting places and retreats, but berry patches and ornamental shrubbery are not disdained. Hence the bird is a familiar dooryard visitor. The bird has a fine song, unfortunately marred by occasional cat calls. With habits similar to those of the mockingbird and a song almost as varied, the catbird has never secured a similar place in popular favor. Half of its food consists of fruit, and the cultivated crops most often injured are cherries, strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries. Beetles, ants, crickets, and grasshoppers are the most important element of its animal food. The bird is known to attack a few pests, as cutworms, leaf beetles, clover-root curculio, and the periodical cicada, but the good it does in this way probably does not pay for the fruit it steals. The extent to which it should be protected may perhaps be left to the individual cultivator; that is, it should be made lawful to destroy catbirds that are doing manifest damage to crops.



the bird's food in its favor. But the remainder of its animal diet includes altogether too large a proportion of beneficial birds and their eggs, and in this respect it appears to be worse than its eastern relative, the blue jay. While its vegetable food is composed largely of mast, at times its liking for cultivated fruit and grain makes it a most unwelcome visitor to the orchard and farm. In conclusion it may be said that over much of its range this jay is too abundant for the best interests of agriculture and horticulture.

As She Remembered It.

Miss Blanche Johnson, Sunday school teacher of a primary class at Hope Chapel, Nineteenth street and Washington avenue N. Minneapolis, is wondering whether her efforts toward uplifting humanity are worth while.

In a recent lesson she told the children how Moses had led the Israelites to the land of Canaan, guided through the wilderness at night by a pillar of fire.

The next Sunday she asked the children what the previous lesson was about. An intelligent-looking little girl raised her hand and answered: "The Israelites were led into the land of Canaan by a caterpillar."—Washington Post

Loggerhead Shrike

(*Lanius ludovicianus*)

Length, about nine inches. A gray, black, and white bird, distinguished from the somewhat similarly colored mockingbird by the black stripe on side of head.

Range: Breeds throughout the United States, Mexico, and southern Canada; winters in the southern half of the United States and in Mexico.